

Mileven



Song
Shorts

Mileven Song Shorts by mAD aS ThE PhaNTom

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Eleven/Jane H., Mike W.

Pairings: Mike W./Eleven/Jane H.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2018-10-25 01:59:30

Updated: 2018-10-25 01:59:30

Packaged: 2019-12-12 22:57:14

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 1,522

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Mileven short stories based off of songs. Feel free to suggest a song!

1. Someone to Stay

It had been days since El had been staying in the woods. Days since she had destroyed the Demogorgon, days since she said goodbye to Mike. Since it had snowed recently, cradling the piles of wood in her arms, she found a place to set up camp for the night and set her supplies down. Her eyes dart to a squirrel scurrying right in front of her, and with a flick of her head, the animal slammed against a nearby trunk, killing it instantly. Satisfied, she set about to roast her food.

Meanwhile, Mike had set out into the cold, without his friends or his beloved bike, a determined look on his face. He didn't believe in the fact that El had died. Calling her on his Super Comm. had been a nightly occurrence, something he would not stop doing, even if she did return. Night was beginning to fall as he took out his flashlight, beginning through the woods, he paused when he saw a warm, amber glow in the distance. His heart rate accelerated at the thought that it could be Eleven as he started to run towards it.

El is eating away at her squirrel, trying her best to chew through the meat and imagining it was an Eggo® waffle. Just as she was about to take another bite, she froze as she saw a flash of light in the distance, her blood running cold as she quickly got up and made a break for it, fearing it was one of the Bad Men coming back for her, all the while Mike finally making it to the scene. His brows furrowed as his eyes scanned the scene in front of him before hearing footsteps retreating from the scene, causing him to follow.

El's heart pounded as she hid behind a tree, panting slightly from running. "El? El, where are you?" She gasped, recognizing the voice calling for her. Peeking behind the tree, she watched as Mike waved his flashlight around. Did he get this far just to find her?

"El, please...I want you home!" His voice strained, tears running down his cheeks. El felt the tears running down her face, shaking her head and curling up into a ball. She wanted to cry out and tell Mike she was okay, but she was a risk: if she went home with him, he and his family would end up dead.

"Please..." Mike whimpered, his head whipping around to look for signs. He shined his flashlight on footprints, kneeling down to take a closer look at the prints and recognizing them immediately. Hope filled him as he started to run around.

"El! It's me, Mike! I just want you to come back! I need to know you're okay!" He called out. But as he ran, he failed to notice the tree root sticking out from the ground and he took a tumble, landing on the cold, hard ground with a thud, his flashlight flying out of his grip.

"Ow," he mumbled, slowly sitting up. Shaking his head, Mike slowly got up, but realized that he had sprained his ankle during the fall. "Ah, shit." He groaned, trying to limp to where his flashlight was laying on the ground, only to lose his balance and falling again. Grunting, he tried again, successfully doing so. He leaned against a tree as he shined his flashlight again.

"I'll have to try again tomorrow..." he mumbled as he began to make his way out of the forest area.

From her hiding spot, El peeked out and watched as Mike limped away, her heart aching to see him hurt, and it was all because of her, she decided. If he hadn't gone out and looked for her, if he just forgotten about her...no, that wasn't like Mike at all. As she continued to watch him go, she followed quietly to make sure he didn't get lost, just until he made it out okay.

As Mike made it to where he started, he could feel a presence and he turned his head. El gasped and hid behind a tree to avoid being seen.

"Don't worry, El. I never break my promises." He said to himself before he continued his walk home. El found herself smiling, but it faded slightly.

She wished she was normal, that she wasn't raised in a lab as an experiment. That way, she wouldn't be away from the friends she had made, from the boy that made her heart swell. While her powers were an asset, she also saw them as a curse.

El took Mike's promise to heart and then retreated back to the woods.

2. Sweater Weather

Mike's was feeling grumpy on the drive up to Malibu Beach. El had refused to acknowledge his existence the night before and he didn't know why or what he had done to get her like this. Because of that, El was sitting sandwiched between Will and Dustin, with Max driving and Lucas in the passenger seat next to her, leaving Mike to sit by himself and brood in the very back, and that was fine by him.

The plan of action was for The Party™ to spend a day at the beach before watching the sunset and participate in a bonfire planned that night after the sun made its descent. Unfortunately, Mike was never one to go to the beach. He would much prefer the community pool back home in Hawkins.

Max had pulled up to the area and each member piled out. Meanwhile, Mike was covered head to toe due to the fact that he was notorious for freckling up and burning under the sun and already was he sweating under the layers he had chosen to wear.

"You sure you're not going into the water with us? You're missing out!" Lucas asked. Mike just shrugged.

"You know how bad I am with the sun." His eyes trailed to his (ex?)girlfriend as she was stripped down to her swim suit, taking out a bottle of sunscreen and proceeding to lather herself up with the product. Lucas followed his friend's gaze.

"Ah, had a fight with your girl, huh?" Mike deflated slightly. "I can tell you two weren't sneaking kisses or holding each other close like you always are." Lucas teased, prompting Mike to roll his eyes and glare at his best friend and neighbour.

"That's the thing! After last night, she won't even talking to me! I have no idea what I did to make her mad." The brunette sighed. "Whatever happened, I'm sure things will let up. Just, be the bigger man and apologize," "Even if I have no idea why she's mad at me for?" "Just talk to her." His friend just patted him on the back before he went to join the rest of the Party™.

Mike had found a good spot to set down his and his friend's things as he sat under a parasol, sitting on towels as he watched his friends splash and play in the water, deciding to kill time by writing a campaign in his binder.

But he couldn't concentrate on the continuing adventures of The Party™ in the realm of Dungeons and Dragons when his mind would think back to the fight he and El had and his ideas suddenly flew out the window.

He set his stuff aside, deciding on maybe taking a nap when he suddenly felt a presence, looking up to meet the eyes of El as she shivered, dripping wet and panting slightly from her fun in the sun. The two stared at each other before El broke eye contact. "I-I came to dry off." She said. "Oh, uh..." Mike looked around him and found El's bag, handing it to her.

The tension was high between them as Mike watched his girlfriend pat herself dry with a towel. The wind began to pick up as El set her towel down a good distance away from him before grabbing a book and beginning to read. Mike could not stop staring as El made an attempt to read,

all the while shivering from the wind.

He made a move to remove one of the layers he chose to wear, a large sweater, and hand it over to her.

"I'm fine. I don't need it."

Mike wasn't taking no for an answer if it involved his girlfriend's health. He draped his sweater over her head, with El reluctantly wearing the article of clothing.

The two sat in silence once more as the sun began to set, and out of the corner of his eye, he could see her snuggle within the material, a soft smile on her lips. As he watched the sun, he felt El lean her head against his shoulder, prompting him to lean his head on top of hers.

Questions about their argument can wait, but for now, the two were content in just being close to each other.